

The Turning Point.

The 4 o'clock train went speeding along the level line of the railroad one sunny afternoon, just 10 years ago, and among its passengers were two young and handsome men, who had met on the cars by chance, but who had been intimate friends at school and college, and who were intimate friends still, if one might judge by the fervor of their greeting and the earnest manner in which they conversed, without taking the least notice of any person around them.

At last the elder of the two, a tall, dark, young man, with large, dark eyes and jet black hair and whiskers, arose from his seat, took his traveling-bag from the rack and began to shake the dust from his coat and to wipe it from his face with a cambric handkerchief, as if his journey was drawing near its end.

"Then you are sure that you won't come with me, Harry?" he asked, looking anxiously into the fair, frank face of his companion.

"I cannot," was the low reply.

"Well, at least remember what I have been saying to you today. Give it up, Harry—the drinking, gambling, the folly of all kinds. Begin to save your money, instead of spending it all, as you do now, and as I used to do, and in three years, or perhaps sooner yet, you may be traveling this way or some other way, bound on my present errand, with a neat little home and a dear little wife waiting for you at the journey's end. It is worth far more than all the rest, my boy. I know, for I've tried both ways."

"Why, what nonsense it is to talk to me about saving, George! Look there!" cried Moore. He drew out his pocketbook. In one compartment nestled a ten-dollar greenback. In the other were two one-dollar bills. In a third, a little crumpled roll of currency, and in the fourth, a tiny case filled with postage stamps.

"Behold my worldly wealth!" said he, in a mocking tone. "There is all I have before the next quarter's salary is paid. And while I live in New York, I must spend the whole of my salary. I cannot save it. Expenses are too high."

"Then do as I did," said his friend. "I found the temptations and expenses of New York life too much for me. I could not save, and what was worse, I found that I was giving way more and more to the habit which I want you to leave off, Harry. I gave up my place and went to yonder little town, wherein an uncle of mine lived. I stated my case to him. He helped me. He got me a situation in the leading store here, he took me to board at his house and watched over me like a father till I cared no more for drink. After that, it was easy enough to save, Harry, and I soon worked my way up to home and happiness. Oddly enough, I started with only ten dollars in my purse. But I was far worse than you are. Cannot you get something to do in some quiet, country place like this, where you will be kept out of temptation as I was? Try it, old boy. Write to me a month hence, and if you have not found the place and the people to cure you by that time, I'll find them for you. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes," said Henry Moore, speaking on the impulse of the moment.

They parted. Henry Moore watched his friend as he stepped into a waiting carriage at the station, and drove away to meet his bride upon his wedding night. Then, as the train steamed slowly off again, he thrust his pocket-book back into the breast of his coat, and leaning his cheek upon his hand, gazed moodily out upon the flying meadows and forests, while he mused upon his schoolfellow's happy fate.

"The last time I saw him, he had been drinking heavily nearly all through the night," he thought. "Gambling, too, and losing. His face looked purple and flushed; his eyes were heavy and dull; his cheeks were bloated; his hand shook like the hand of an old man. How different now. He is as handsome and fresh-colored as he was in his boyhood. He is eager, alert, full of life, hope and happiness. While I—" a heavy sigh finished the reflection.

The train sped on. The young man lost in painful memory of misspent hours, still leaned his forehead against the window frame, gazing on all that passed before him as if he saw it not. Suddenly, as the train decreased its speed again, and the warning bell began to ring, a tableau flashed before his eyes that roused him in a moment.

For half an hour past their way had led through a dense pine forest, rising greenly on either side of the cars.

dog, parading about in a dignified manner, with a lady's riding whip in his mouth, and a dapper young gentleman in a light, summer suit, approaching the lady and her steed. He saw them all as one sees faces and figures in a vivid dream, and wondered almost audibly what "that fellow" was doing there; and then, as they plunged once more into the unbroken solitude of the pines, that girl's face seemed to stand out visibly in the air before him and accompanied him, like a smiling spirit of good omen, to his journey's end.

Late that night, when, after eating supper and reading the evening paper, he went up to his room the face was there before him, smiling like a picture from the bare white wall. He had gone up there to make some alterations in his dress before going out to get rid of the rest of his evening in the city streets; but the face detained him, held him there in the cheerless fourth-story chamber, even against his will.

"How graceful she was!" he groaned out. "What a pretty—what a sweet face she had! How blue her eyes were! How brown her hair was and how it waved about her head and face like a little, soft, dark cloud of curls! She must have been ill lately, or she would not wear her hair like that; every other girl is piling chignons up higher than the moon. And yet she looked the very picture of health. Her cheeks were as round and as rosy as the apples in her father's orchard. Perhaps she is too sensible to wear chignons and false hair. Perhaps she don't care so much for dress as other women do. What did she wear? I can't remember. I only know it was some soft dun-colored material falling about her in soft folds, without ruffling or paniers of any kind. And a blue ribbon at her throat—blue as the 'bluets'—blue as her own sweet eyes! Oh, dear! If I could but meet a girl like that—a girl with no nonsense about her," as Mr. Toots would say, "he added with a laugh—a girl who would marry a poor man because she loved him, and who would go to work and help him build up his fortune and his house together. Why it would be the making of me!"

He took out his pocketbook and looked again at the ten-dollar bill.

"Shall I try it? Jerrold says he began with no more; and look how well he has done. Let me see. Here is enough to pay for my supper, lodging and breakfast, and my ticket back to the place where I saw her. That will leave me the roll of currency for small expenses, and the ten dollars for my sole capital till I find a place and work. Her father is a farmer, I know. And that chap in the gray summer suit hates hard work. I saw it in his face and walk. I'll do it. He can but refuse me at the worst, and I shall be able to look at that sweet face again. I'll go."

You know he is not very strong, father, and his hands have grown white and soft at college, and, as he says, he is not fit for the work," she was saying when her father's growls ceased suddenly; and, looking up, she saw a tall, handsome, Saxon-faced and bright-eyed young fellow, dressed in homespun, taking off his straw hat to her and her father in the way that did not smack of country birth and training by any means. The light blue and the dark blue eyes looked straight into each other's depths for one bewildering moment. Then the girl turned away and walked out of the field, with a sudden, vivid blush staining the whiteness of her throat and forehead; and the young fellow, gazing after her involuntarily, began his story to the amazed farmer and asked for work.

At 12 o'clock that day Jane Halliday, after giving the last touches to the well-spread dinner-table, took the tin horn and went out on the side piazza to "call the folks" to their noonday meal. She saw the heads turn, and the bending forms straighten themselves as the echoes of the mellow blast floated over toward the distant hills, and lingering yet a moment felt her cheek grow hot again, when she saw the young man advancing with her father toward the house.

"Here's a new hand, mother," sang out the farmer to his buxom wife, as they entered the kitchen together. "He came along to look for work just in the nick of time, after your dandified nephew cut and run for fear he should tan his cheeks. You'll make Dick's bed up for him tonight, Jane. He is worth his salt, I must own, and he shall stay here as long as he likes. Now, mother, dinner—hurry, Jenny, hurry!"

They sat down to the table. Jane's chair was directly opposite that which the new hand occupied, and presently the farmer called out, wonderingly:

"Salt in your coffee, Mr. Moore! Well, I do vow! That is a queer taste of yours, anyhow!"

"I drank it so as a child, but I think I'll give it up after today, as I am to do farming work," stammered the young man, scarcely knowing what he was saying and unwilling to own his blunder lest its cause might possibly be guessed.

"Gracious!" said the farmer. "But the good wife quietly changed the cup for another, properly sugared and creamed, and the new hand thanked her by a bow that set her marveling in her turn.

clothes. And yet he must take hold of the work pretty well or your father wouldn't be as pleased with him as he is."

Jane made a brief reply and changed the subject as speedily as possible. She had seen beneath her long eyelashes how the stranger's eyes were fixed upon her when that mistake with the coffee occurred.

"What a ridiculous excuse," she thought, smiling.

And then a sudden recollection flashed across her mind with stunning emphasis and meaning. Was it a dream? Or was it real? That rushing train—that open window—that moody look flashing into sudden brightness as it caught and answered her own laughing glance while the cars whirled by. No wonder the face seemed so strangely familiar to her in the farm fields that morning. But what—oh, Jane of the fair face and innocent eyes and softly clustering locks—what could it all mean?

Cousin Dick returned no more to the farm that summer. But the new hand stayed and worked faithfully all through "haytime and harvest," much to the farmers' delight. At the end of the season the farmer made the young man a liberal offer for the ensuing year. And thereupon ensued a long and confidential conversation between the two.

"Give me twenty-four hours to make up my mind," said Moore, at last. "Tomorrow morning you shall have your answer."

So, when the four o'clock train from the city thundered past the farm that evening the new hand stood on the lawn alone and watched it with thoughtful eyes. Taller and straighter he looked than when he first came to the lone pine lands, and there was a healthy flush on his cheek, beneath the sunburnt, that told tales of a different, a nobler, a holier life, than the former one had ever been.

The farmer was busy at the barn. The good housewife, in the kitchen, was hurrying toward her preparations for tea, and Jane, with a two-quart tin basin in her hand, came out of the house and turned toward the garden as he looked that way. Her errand was for fruit for the supper table, but before the first handful of berries had rattled down upon the bottom of the basin, the girl started, listened a moment, and then turned crimson as the new hand came up beside her. The berries were neglected. He stood still a moment, then dropping basin and berries upon the grass, he held her by the hands.

"Jane, your father has asked me to stay here and help him with another year," he said. "He offers me good wages. And I am safe here—safe from many a temptation that you know nothing about—thank God. I am a better and a happier man for my stay here this summer, but there is room for improvement yet. It rests with you to say if that improvement shall be made."

"With me?" said Jane, glancing up at him with a gentle smile.

"With you; with you alone."

"Then stay."

He took a pocketbook from the breast of his coat and opened it.

"Jane, you see that ten-dollar bill?"

"Yes."

"That marks the turning-point in my life. I was going headlong to destruction when a friend held me back. I had but ten dollars to begin the world with again if I gave up my place and salary in New York. Yet my friend advised it. It was what he had done, and in three years he had earned a home and a wife in another place. He had been as wild and as reckless as I was then, and it was seeing what a little sober effort had done for him that encouraged me to try. I came here—and you know my life and thoughts and habits from that day. We have been happy here together, Jane."

"Oh, very happy," was her reply.

"But now there must be a change. I cannot go on in the old way any longer, Jane; your father likes me and I believe I may stay here forever so far as he and your mother are concerned. Now, for their daughter. There is ten dollars, Jane, and there is what I have earned by sheer hard work these last six months added to it. I shall receive four times that sum another year from your father if I stay. Will it be enough, Jane for me and my wife?"

She was silent. Bending down to look at her he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Can't you like me, then?" he asked, in dismay.

"Oh, it is not that. It is father and mother," she whispered. "I must not leave them."

"There is no need, my love. I may tell you now that your father has given his consent, and your dear mother will not be long behind him. Oh, Jane, my darling! I found my hope, my joy and my salvation that day I came to the Lone Pine farm."

"And not a single berry for supper!" bewailed Mrs. Halliday, when they returned at last to the house. But a tearful smile succeeded the lament, as, after a brief whisper from Jane, she kissed and blessed the "new-hand" as her prospective son-in-law.—New York News.

Sharks Under a Railway.

The British Museum authorities are investigating an extensive find of sharks' teeth and palates of other fish which have been unearthed in Goldsborough cutting, Woking, during the widening of the London & Southwestern railway main line. The teeth, which were found in large numbers in the green sand formation, about 35 feet below the subsoil, are in a state of splendid preservation.—London Express.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—The blouse, or bodice, that closes at the back appears to grow in favor week by week. This tasteful and stylish May Manton



FANCY BLOUSE.

model is eminently simple at the same time that it makes an admirable effect. The original is made of white peau de soie banded with black velvet ribbon, the yoke being of cream lace over white and the under-sleeves white Liberty silk; but all delicate colors are in vogue for afternoon and evening wear, and all soft finished silks and wool materials are appropriate. As shown the blouse matches the skirt, but the design suits the separate waist, worn with odd skirts, and the entire costume equally well.

The simple lining is smoothly fitted and closes with the waist at the centre

furred sleeves, not used as trimming but as entire arm coverings. The sleeves are by no means tight fitting, and instead of a coat finish or straight edge on the wrist, they are drawn like a gathered bag with a ribbon bow at the wrist, and flare again over the hand. This makes a warm sleeve, which will be appreciated in stormy weather. A fur "storm" or Medici collar should be worn, with a fur sleeved jacket. It is optional whether or not you care for fur revers. They are expensive because they use up a great deal of fur, without adding much to the warmth of the garment.

Cylindrical Gown.

In the train of the popular eyelet was bound to come some sort of a change, for fashion's followers are as fickle as the important dame herself. This novelty is of the thin sheet metal of tubular shape. It is about two inches in length and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Through it are pulled ribbons, chiffons, silks or whatever. On a hat it may support a pom-pom effect, or even a double-ender in the shape of a bow. While it is highest class in gun metal, it is to be had in every finish, and with or without ornament.

Fancy Effect in Collars.

One of the fancy effects in collars and lapels is seen in a smart little sealskin jacket, which has the inside of the collar and lapels faced with a heavy cream lace over tucked pale-blue chiffon. The regular sleeve of the sealskin is finished with a little turn-back cuff of the same several inches



YOKE SHIRT WAIST.

back. On it are arranged the prettily curved yoke, the full front and backs and the becoming bertha. The sleeves are novel and attractive. The upper portions are shaped in curves and points, to harmonize with the yoke and bertha, and the soft full under sleeves droop gracefully between the curved edges.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with three-quarter yard twenty-two inches wide for under-sleeves and half a yard of all-over lace for yoke and collar.

Woman's Yoke Shirt Waist.

Yoke shirt waists have taken a firm hold on the popular taste and, by many wearers are preferred to every other sort. The smart May Manton model shown in the large drawing is one of the latest and has many admirable characteristics. The deep point of the front portion of the yoke is becoming, and the groups of tucks below provide graceful fullness at the lower portion of the waist. The back is smooth, with a desirable tapering effect produced by the line of the tucks. As shown the material is doekin flannel in submarine green, with gold buttons; but all flannels and waists cloths, plain, striped and figured, taffeta and other simple silks, velvet and corduroy are appropriate.

The fitted lining is smooth and extends to the waist line only. The fronts of the waist are tucked in groups, of three each; they are stitched a short distance below the yoke, and include the full length centre box pleats. The back is tucked in groups to the waist line, that give a graceful tapering effect which is universally becoming. The sleeves are in bishop style, with narrow pointed cuffs; and at the neck is a collar with turn-over portions, under which a ribbon stock is worn.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Fur Sleeves.

A winter fashion of some importance. A cloth or velvet costume has the outer jacket fitted with a pair of

above the wrist, and below is a fancy sleeve of the lace above, made up over the tucked blue chiffon.

Double-Breasted Coat.

Severely plain, double-breasted coats are much worn by young girls, and have the merit of being eminently serviceable as well as stylish. The May Manton model shown combines the box front with the half-fitted back and regulation coat collar and is, by far the smartest design of the sort that the season has produced. The original is made of tan colored kersey cloth with smoked pearl buttons; but chevrot and plain cloth are equally appropriate and blue, brown, black and Oxford are all correct colors.

The fronts of the coat are loose, but are curved at the under-arm seams to follow the outline of the figure. At each side a pocket is inserted, the opening being finished with a stitched overlap. The back includes a curved centre seam and under-arm gorges that render it shapely and give a smart effect. The neck is finished with a collar, faced with velvet, that rolls over with the fronts to form lapels. The sleeves are in regulation coat style stitched to simulate cuffs.

To cut this coat for a miss of four-



MISSIS' DOUBLE BREASTED COAT.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Anarchy's Hot Bed.—A Stirring Article Which Charges That the Legalized Saloon is the Breeder of Assassins—Rid the Country of the Vile Monster.

The Religious Telescope (United Brethren, Dayton, O.), under the title "Anarchy's Hotbed," speaks as follows:

The legalized saloon is the hot-bed of anarchy. This is a fact well known to all well-informed people.

Nine-tenths of the saloons trample upon the laws of the land. Authorized and protected by law, they defy and outrage the law, selling to minors and on the Sabbath day, and even mobbing those who seek to enforce the law against them. By so doing they are the champions of lawlessness. They inculcate in the minds of our youth a disregard and contempt for all law, and the breeders and vet nurses of anarchy.

Will the American people and especially the Christian church recognize these facts and act accordingly? May God grant.

Just now public sentiment is thoroughly aroused against anarchy. This is well. Were it otherwise, in the presence of the anarchist's recent monstrous crime, we might well despair of the life of the republic.

The death of President McKinley at the hands of an anarchist has thoroughly aroused the people. . . . and the universal voice declares that anarchy must be driven from the country or exterminated. This is well, as far as it goes.

But this excitement, instantaneously aroused, will soon die out; this fiery indignation will soon consume itself, and if the breeder and vet nurse of anarchy, the saloon, is still legalized and permitted to go on doing its hellish work, there will be a new litter of anarchists begotten every decade, and the life of the Government still imperiled.

This, then, is the lesson to our wise men, and especially to the church, from the assassination of President McKinley. Anarchy killed our President! The taproot, the hot-bed, the vet nurse of anarchy is the legalized saloon. To effectually exterminate anarchy and keep the country rid of the vile monster, the people must rise in their might and cut that taproot, destroy that hot-bed, crush the rattlesnake head of that vet nurse. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Can the people do it? Yes, easily, if they will just rise above partisan prejudice and concentrate their votes for the extermination of the legalized rum traffic as the paramount issue.

Will the people do it? Yes, if all the branches of the Christian church will stand together on this question. Will they? Time will tell. Now that the voice of God is heard through the assassination of President McKinley, calls mightily for the extermination of anarchy, and points to the saloon as its foul breeder, every pulpit should thunder for the overthrow of the saloon. And this thundering, in the spirit of the Lord Jesus, should be kept up year in and year out, until all Christians concentrate their votes for the overthrow of the breeder of the anarchy which so recently slew the President of the United States.

Testimony From the Bench.

Judge McAuley, of Kansas City, in committing a "plain drunk" gave utterance to the following: "If I had my way I would not only close every saloon in the county Sunday and week days, but would stop the sale of intoxicating liquor in any shape or for any purpose whatever. I would make it a crime to manufacture the stuff. This may be far reaching, but the sentiment is justified by the sights and experiences in this court room. Ninety-five per cent of the cases tried here are the direct result of whisky—the other five per cent includes morphine and cocaine fiends and a few petty grievances that come before me for adjustment."

"The woes that arise from the use of whisky, the ruined men and women, the broken families, the griefs and tears all aired in this court are enough to turn gray the hair on a buffalo robe."

Liquor Among the Indians.

The Boston Herald, in a sketch of Riel, the leader of the Canadian rebellion, mentions him as having been active in organizing the barter with the Hudson Bay Company has found it profitable to carry on with the Indians, giving them rum in return for skins. The Herald says: "Of all the causes of decline in the Indian, it may be said that indulgence in intoxicants is the most pernicious, and early in his career Riel set his face as a flint against the payment of the hunters in this commodity. Bad rum in exchange for good pelts was an arrangement peculiarly satisfactory to the Hudson Bay Company, and one that Riel strenuously and most reluctantly. This piece of prohibitory work on Riel's part was thorough, and in its effects most salutary. During the agitation of the reform he displayed qualities well calculated to endear him to his followers."

Is Alcohol a Muscle Food?

Professor Bunge, of Switzerland, cites Baer on Der Alkoholismus, Berlin, 1878, (page 103): "Better than through all the laboratory experiments and deductions is the demonstration of the complete uselessness, indeed, harmfulness, of even the most moderate doses of alcohol, which demonstration has been made through the thousandfold experiments by the commissariat of the army, and which have already established conclusively that soldiers in times of peace, and in times of war, in all climates, in heat, cold and rain, endure best of all the fatiguing exertions of the most exhausting marches and maneuvers when they are deprived absolutely of all alcoholic drinks."—Union Signal.

Experience Meetings Valuable.

One of the best means of promoting temperance in working class neighborhoods is by the holding of an occasional experience meeting. Get a level-headed chairman—such are to be had, though rare—a man who can cheerfully and the speakers to feel at their ease, seize upon the good points and tactfully put right any little indiscretions into which the fervid five minutes' speakers may fall. "What total abstinence has done for me" is a theme which "the brands plucked from the burning" can always use to good advantage.

A Severe Reflection.

Most of the arguments in favor of the canteen which are now so industriously propagated by high army officials rest upon the assumption that the average soldier is so confirmed in his drinking habits that some sort of provision must be made by the Government for gratifying his appetite. That is about the severest reflection on the American soldier that could be made.—The Watchman.

The Crusade in Brief.

The habit of alcoholism strongly predisposes to the contraction and propagation of tuberculosis.

Baudran, of Beauvais, has shown that the mortality from tuberculosis and that from alcoholism are nearly identical.

Some parents who set intoxicating liquors upon the table wonder where their children learned to become drunkards.

The American Journal of Education says: "There are many indications of a coming assault of the combined liquor interests upon the law compelling the teaching of temperance in the public schools."